Supernatural, Michael/Gabriel, Catch Me If You Can

PG-13, my usual take on Michael being more broken by what he's been through therefore he's darker, implications of Michael/Lucifer/Gabriel, etc etc. I like it.

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PG-13, darkish, [there's a reason he had to sneak out of heaven]

Gabriel *runs*, human movement translating into flight, flight translating into desperate abuse of power to escape what he knows he can't out-run, or out-fox.

Michael chases him, fast and while Gabriel can out-run him in the short term Michael stays on his tail, and for days they chase each other across the Earth.

Michael runs him to ground, slams into him from behind, knocking Gabriel to the ground from a bone-rattling height and Gabriel's wings are *gone*, forced out of this plane of existence while Michael looms over Gabriel, drags Gabriel over to face him.

Gabriel closes his eyes, turns his face away. Michael catches his chin and kisses him, undoes defenses that Gabriel has struggled to build over millennia.

When Michael breaks the kiss Gabriel's eyes are still closed, but his body isn't tense, it isn't ready to bolt.

"I love you, Gabriel," Michael whispers. "I missed you."

Gabriel flinches, silent, not looking.

Michael rests a hand on Gabriel's throat. "I won't let you run from us again, Gabriel," he promises.

"Lucifer's - " It's Gabriel's last resistance to something he can't prevent. "He left you."

Michael's hand tightens, crushes Gabriel's throat, and his grip would kill a human. He says nothing.

Gabriel meets Michael's eyes, and for a long, long moment he thinks that Michael will kill him. For a long, long moment Gabriel welcomes death, welcomes the final escape from his brother.

"I *won't* lose you," Michael hisses, and then there is a burning, searing heat in Gabriel, spreading and branding and marking him as it passes through him.

Gabriel screams, tries to, fails with Michael's hand still tight on his throat, and

there is light showing from his vessel, fire smoking at his clothing.

Abruptly it stops, fades, leaving long jagged burn marks on his vessel, on his Grace, and Gabriel knows that he is lost.

Michael has effectively leashed and collared him, and can call him whenever he wants.

Michael's hand loosens, as an afterthought, and Michael rests his hands on Gabriel's cheeks as Gabriel heals his vessel.

Michael bends and kisses him, hard, and Gabriel kisses back, lost to the (burning, suffocating) love of his brother.